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The Immortal president

A NOVEL BY SUSHANT PAL

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The immortal president: Chronicles of the divine journey

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Chapter 1: The Divine Revelation

A soft, silver light crept over the sleepy town of Edenridge as dawn broke, painting the sky with strokes of pink and lavender. Fifteen-year-old Elias lay awake in his narrow bed, his mind swirling with dreams that had grown stranger with each passing night. These dreams—vivid and perplexing—had been whispering secrets of ancient power and forgotten destinies. But nothing in his quiet, ordinary life had prepared him for what was about to unfold.

As the first rays of sunlight pierced through the lace curtains, Elias sat up and peered out of his window. The world outside was still, as if holding its breath for something momentous. In the silent moments before the day fully awoke, a subtle hum seemed to resonate through the room—a gentle vibration that stirred the air and set his pulse racing.

At his modest wooden desk cluttered with textbooks and sketches of far-off lands, something extraordinary happened. Without any warning, a radiant burst of light erupted from the center of the desk, bathing the room in a glow that was both warm and unsettling. The light was not harsh or blinding but shimmered with a delicate iridescence, like the flicker of a flame dancing on water. Elias's eyes widened in disbelief as he saw, in the luminous swirl, a fleeting vision of himself—ageless, resolute, and surrounded by symbols that pulsed with the rhythm of an ancient heartbeat.

For one interminable moment, time itself seemed to pause. The usual clamor of the waking world fell away, replaced by a profound silence that vibrated with possibility. Elias felt as though he were suspended between two realms—the mundane present and an extraordinary future that beckoned him from the shadows. His heart pounded fiercely as he reached out a trembling hand toward the radiant display, though he felt no physical warmth in its touch. Instead, a surge of quiet certainty flooded his soul.

"Who... what are you?" he murmured into the still air, his voice barely more than a whisper. The question lingered, unanswered, as if the universe itself was withholding a revelation for another time. Yet, deep within, Elias sensed that this encounter was not an isolated incident—it was a herald of the life he was destined to lead.

As the light faded, replaced by the gentle glow of the emerging day, Elias's thoughts drifted to memories of his late grandmother. He recalled the nights she spent recounting fables of mystic beings and divine

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legacies, stories woven with the threads of hope and destiny. Back then, he had regarded them as mere bedtime tales, enchanting yet distant from his everyday reality. Now, however, those stories pressed in on him, each word a puzzle piece in the mosaic of his own unfolding mystery.

Unable to shake the feeling that his life had irrevocably changed, Elias slipped out of bed and made his way to the small, timeworn kitchen where his parents were already bustling about. Over a breakfast of warm bread and honey, he tried to mask the tremor in his voice when he mentioned that he felt "different." His mother's gentle smile and his father's knowing glance offered silent support, though neither fully understood the undercurrent of destiny that now pulsed in their son's veins.

Before the day's responsibilities could claim him, Elias sought refuge in the dusty recesses of the family attic—a treasure trove of relics from bygone eras. Climbing the creaky stairs, he was greeted by the familiar scent of old paper, wood, and memories. Amid boxes filled with faded photographs and trinkets, his eyes fell upon an ancient trunk. With careful hands, he opened it to discover a collection of heirlooms, among which lay a delicate silver pendant. Its surface was etched with intricate symbols, their design echoing the glowing patterns he had witnessed on his desk that morning.

The moment his fingers brushed against the cool metal, a warmth blossomed through him—a quiet, potent assurance that he was connected to forces far beyond his understanding. It was as if the pendant itself recognized him, silently affirming the truth he had only begun to fathom: he was marked for something extraordinary.

That evening, as dusk wove its tapestry of deep purples and fiery oranges across the sky, Elias found a secluded spot on the weathered wooden steps of the attic. The world outside was transforming, and the quiet chirping of crickets mingled with the soft rustle of leaves in the gentle breeze. Cradling the pendant in his palm, he let his mind wander back to the shimmering light of the morning. Questions tumbled through him: Why had this moment chosen him? What destiny lay entwined with the divine symbols that now adorned the pendant? And most haunting of all, what lay beyond the veil of the known world that he was now compelled to explore?

In that solitary, contemplative moment, with the first stars timidly piercing the twilight, Elias felt both the weight of an unfathomable legacy and the lightness of possibility. It was as if the pendant whispered promises of battles yet to be fought, of alliances yet to be forged, and of a future where his unique gifts would illuminate the path for countless others. The chill of the evening air contrasted with the warmth

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radiating from within him, a palpable reminder that change had come—and with it, a destiny that transcended the confines of mortal time.

And so, as the night deepened and the celestial tapestry unfurled overhead, Elias's life took its first step into the unknown. The divine revelation was no fleeting dream; it was the opening chapter of a journey that would challenge the very fabric of his existence and, one day, echo through the corridors of history.

Thus began the awakening—a luminous prelude to a destiny that would forever transform a simple boy into a beacon of hope for a world on the brink of change.

Chapter 2: An Unlikely Candidate

The once-sleepy town of Edenridge buzzed with a new kind of energy that morning—a feeling that change was in the air, palpable and almost electric. While most people went about their daily routines, murmurs and whispers filled the streets, carried on the wind like fragments of an ancient song. In coffee shops and markets alike, the latest news was shared with furtive excitement: a young teenager, barely sixteen in the eyes of the world, was emerging as a beacon of hope amidst a time of global uncertainty.

Elias, still reeling from the divine light of the previous morning, found himself inexplicably drawn into this undercurrent of anticipation. At school, the usual clatter of lockers and hurried footsteps was punctuated by hushed conversations about the miraculous events reported on local news. The headlines flashed on every screen: "Miracle or Myth? Teen with Unexplained Powers Sparks Debate" and "Youthful Prodigy: The Face of a New Era?" For many, Elias was the living embodiment of these reports, though he remained unaware of the breadth his reputation was rapidly gaining.

That afternoon, as Elias sat in a quiet corner of the school library, he couldn't help but overhear snippets of conversation among his peers. "Did you see the footage?" one student whispered urgently. "They say he saved a group of workers from that collapsing building downtown," another replied, eyes wide with a mixture of awe and disbelief. Though Elias hadn't been part of that incident, the familiarity of the description stirred something deep within him—a reminder that the morning's light was not an isolated spark, but rather the ignition of a grander design.

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Outside the walls of his school, the world itself was awakening to the possibility of a new kind of leader. In bustling cities and quiet towns alike, social media platforms buzzed with live reports and speculations. Videos emerged showing glimpses of a young boy, calm yet resolute, his eyes shining with a secret wisdom that belied his tender age. Debates raged in forums, with some heralding him as a prodigy destined to transform the fractured political landscape, while others dismissed the stories as fanciful mythmaking.

In a modest studio in a neighboring city, a renowned news anchor prepared for an emergency broadcast. The camera's red light blinked steadily, and the anchor's steady voice filled the airwaves:

"Good evening. In an unprecedented turn of events, a young man—identified only as Elias—has reportedly demonstrated qualities that many experts are calling extraordinary. Witnesses describe him as a figure of calm in the midst of chaos, a beacon for those longing for genuine change. Though details remain sketchy, sources suggest that this teenager's actions may have set in motion a chain of events that could reshape our society. Stay tuned as we follow this developing story."

For Elias, the day unfolded like a surreal blend of ordinary life and a fable in the making. Between classes, he felt the weight of countless curious gazes. Teachers, usually engrossed in lessons of history and mathematics, now spoke in reverent tones about the possibility of destiny. Even in the quiet confines of his classroom, Elias sensed that the air was charged with something beyond the routine—a subtle acknowledgment that his existence had taken on a larger meaning.

During lunch break, as he sat at a corner table in the crowded cafeteria, his best friend Nora slid into the seat beside him. "I've been hearing things, Elias," she said softly, her eyes darting around as if afraid someone might be listening. "People are saying you're not like everyone else. They're calling you… the chosen one, or something like that."

Elias managed a weak smile, his mind still occupied by the extraordinary events of the previous morning. "I'm still trying to understand it all," he confessed. "I felt something happen that I can't explain, something that made me think—maybe I'm meant for more than this everyday life."

Nora's smile deepened with a mixture of concern and excitement. "Whatever it is, I know you'll figure it out. You've always had that spark, even when you didn't know it."

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Her words, though simple, resonated with Elias. They stirred a cautious hope within him, a budding conviction that the universe had chosen him for a purpose far grander than he had ever imagined. And as he navigated the hallways of school that day, every whisper, every sideways glance, reinforced the notion that he was on the cusp of something monumental.

As evening drew near, the reality of a world in flux became undeniable. Reports of political unrest in distant cities, economic struggles, and a pervasive sense of disillusionment with traditional leadership roles painted a picture of a society desperate for change. In this climate of uncertainty, a young, untested candidate represented not only the promise of renewal but also the audacity of a fresh start—a radical departure from the tired old narratives of power and control.

That night, as Elias lay in bed, the glow of his computer screen illuminated his thoughtful face. In the quiet hum of digital conversations and the ceaseless flow of news updates, he began to see the outlines of his role in the broader tapestry of events. Unbeknownst to him, in homes, offices, and hidden corners of the internet, people were beginning to rally behind the idea of a new era, one that could only be heralded by an unlikely candidate—a candidate whose journey had only just begun.

And so, the stage was set. In the heart of a world longing for transformation, Elias—ordinary in appearance yet extraordinary in potential—stood at the crossroads of fate, a beacon of possibility amid the dark uncertainties of the modern age.

Chapter 3: The First Spark of Revolution

The Dawn of Something New

The morning light seeped through Elias's bedroom window, painting golden streaks across the walls. Outside, birds chirped rhythmically, unaware that the world was teetering on the edge of something unprecedented.

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Elias sat on the edge of his bed, his fingers absently tracing the smooth metal of the silver pendant resting against his collarbone. The pendant had been in his possession for as long as he could remember—he had never questioned it before, but now, after everything, it felt different. It thrummed ever so slightly, like a heartbeat, like it knew something he didn't.

His phone buzzed for what felt like the hundredth time that morning.

Another notification.

"Petition to Nominate Elias as World President Reaches 500,000 Signatures Overnight."

He swallowed hard.

It wasn't stopping.

Just a few days ago, he had been a regular 15-year-old boy. Now, the world was looking at him as if he were something more.

But was he?

The thought gnawed at him as he pulled on his hoodie, slung his backpack over one shoulder, and stepped outside.

The town of Edenridge was quiet, too quiet. He walked down the street, past the bakery where the smell of fresh bread usually spilled into the air. Today, the scent barely registered. He passed the newspaper stand, where an old man named Mr. Gibbons usually sat, mumbling about the weather. But today, Mr. Gibbons wasn't mumbling about the rain or the wind.

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Today, he was staring directly at Elias.

Elias pretended not to notice, but his heart drummed faster. He picked up his pace.

The whispers began as soon as he reached the school gates.

It wasn’t just his imagination.

The moment he stepped through the entrance, conversations seemed to pause, just for a second. A fraction of a second, maybe. But he felt it.

Something was happening.

And it wasn’t just happening to him anymore.

The Eyes of the World

By the time he reached his locker, the weight of the stares was unbearable.

He exhaled sharply, gripping the metal handle of the locker as if grounding himself. He pulled it open.

A folded note sat on top of his books.

His breath hitched.

Slowly, he picked it up and unfolded it, his fingers slightly trembling.

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Three words.

“We see you.”

The ink was bold, almost aggressively pressed into the paper, as if whoever wrote it had wanted to brand the words into his mind.

Elias’s throat went dry.

He turned, his gaze sweeping the hallway. There were too many people, too many moving bodies, too many watching eyes. Someone here had placed that note. Someone wanted him to see it.

Nora appeared beside him, her green eyes narrowed as she snatched the paper from his hands.

“Okay,” she muttered, “this is officially creepy.”

Elias took a slow breath. “Yeah. I noticed.”

Nora glanced around before leaning in. “This isn’t just some internet stunt anymore. This is real, Elias. Someone out there—or a lot of someones—is pushing this idea. And they want you to know it.”

Elias clenched his fists. He was tired of not knowing.

“Who?” he asked.

Nora hesitated. “I don’t know. But you need to see this.”

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She pulled out her phone and shoved it toward him.

It was a live news broadcast. A panel of serious-looking analysts sat around a table, discussing something with intense expressions.

The banner at the bottom of the screen read:

“A MOVEMENT UNLIKE ANY OTHER: THE WORLD DEMANDS A NEW LEADER.”

The lead anchor spoke gravely.

"This movement has gained a life of its own. What began as speculation has turned into an unstoppable force. Thousands, perhaps millions, are uniting behind one question: Should we elect someone who is not bound by the corruption of past leaders? Someone new, someone young, someone untouched by greed? And whether this boy named Elias wants it or not… his name is on everyone’s lips."

Elias felt the world tilt beneath his feet.

This wasn’t some joke anymore.

This was real.

A World Waiting for an Answer

For the rest of the day, Elias felt like he was walking through a dream—except it wasn’t a dream at all.

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It was happening.

He heard it in passing conversations.

"Did you see the poll? Over 80% of people say they'd rather have him as a leader than the current government."

"I don't know, man. He's just a kid."

"Maybe that's the point."

Everywhere he turned, the topic was the same.

At lunch, he barely touched his food. His hands rested on the table, clenched together, while Nora watched him carefully.

"Elias," she said, her voice quiet. "What are you thinking?"

"I don't know," he admitted. "I feel like… like I'm being pushed toward something, but I don't even know what it is."

Nora leaned forward. "You do know. You just don't want to say it."

Elias opened his mouth—but before he could respond, a notification lit up his phone.

Another message.

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This one was different.

It wasn’t from social media.

It wasn’t from a friend.

It was an unknown sender.

“The world is waiting, Elias. The old leaders are afraid. The real question is—are you?”

Elias’s blood ran cold.

Before he could react, another message popped up.

“Meet me at the old observatory. Tonight. Alone.”

His heart pounded.

He looked up at Nora, and she must have seen the panic in his eyes. “Elias? What is it?”

He slid his phone toward her.

She read the messages, then looked back at him. “You’re not seriously considering this.”

He swallowed. “I don’t know.”

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Nora’s jaw tightened. “It could be a trap.”

“Or it could be an answer.”

A long silence stretched between them.

And then, finally, Nora sighed.

“If you’re going… I’m coming too.”

Elias met her gaze. He knew better than to argue.

This was it.

Tonight, they would step into the unknown.

And nothing would ever be the same again.

Chapter 4: The Meeting at the Observatory

A Night Heavy with Secrets

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The night was thick with anticipation. The air had cooled, carrying the scent of damp earth and autumn leaves, and the sky above was a sea of ink, punctuated only by the occasional flickering star. The moon hung low, casting silver light over the quiet town of Edenridge, making the streets appear almost ghostly in its glow.

Elias pulled the hood of his jacket higher over his head, his breath visible in the cold night air. His pulse was steady, but something deep inside him churned—a feeling he couldn't shake. Something was coming. Something big.

Beside him, Nora walked in silence, her hands shoved into the pockets of her coat. She had insisted on coming.

"I still think this is a bad idea," she muttered, glancing sideways at him.

Elias exhaled through his nose. "You said that before."

"Yeah, well, I was hoping you'd listen to reason at some point."

He didn't respond. He couldn't. Because deep down, he knew she was right. This was a bad idea. Meeting a total stranger in an abandoned observatory in the middle of the night? It sounded like the beginning of a murder mystery.

And yet, here they were.

Because something told Elias that this meeting—this moment—was the key to everything.

The Observatory in the Dark

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The observatory sat on the outskirts of town, atop a small hill, its domed roof looming against the night sky like an ancient, forgotten monument. Once, it had been a place where students and astronomers gathered to gaze at the stars. Now, it was abandoned, the telescopes covered in dust, the walls peeling, the doors half-broken from years of neglect.

But tonight, it wasn't empty.

Elias and Nora stood a few feet from the entrance, staring at the faint glow seeping from a crack in the door. Someone was already inside.

Nora tensed beside him. "I don't like this."

Elias swallowed and took a step forward.

The old wooden door creaked as he pushed it open.

The interior of the observatory was dimly lit by a single lantern placed at the center of the room. Dust particles floated in the air, catching the soft glow of the light. The large telescope stood in the middle, its once-pristine surface now rusted with age. The air smelled of metal, old books, and something faintly electric—like the moment before a thunderstorm.

And then he saw him.

A man stood on the far side of the room, partially hidden in the shadows. He was tall, dressed in a sleek black coat, his posture relaxed yet commanding. His face was partially obscured, but his eyes—sharp, intelligent, knowing—gleamed in the dim light.

"You came," the man said, his voice smooth, steady.

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Elias didn’t answer immediately. He could feel Nora’s unease beside him, but he stepped forward anyway.

“Who are you?” Elias asked, his voice firm.

The man tilted his head slightly, as if assessing him. “Someone who knows what you are. What you could be.”

Elias’s breath hitched.

The man continued, taking a slow step forward. “You’ve felt it, haven’t you? The shift in the air. The way the world has started turning toward you instead of away.” He paused. “That’s not a coincidence.”

Elias clenched his fists. “What do you mean?”

The man studied him for a moment, then reached into his coat and pulled out a small, thin device. A sleek tablet—unlike anything Elias had ever seen. He tapped the screen once, and a live news feed appeared.

Elias and Nora both stepped closer.

The broadcast showed a press conference. A room full of reporters, government officials, men in expensive suits. The speaker at the podium was a man Elias vaguely recognized—a high-ranking political figure known for his ruthless grip on power.

“Listen carefully,” the stranger murmured.

The man on the screen adjusted his microphone, his face cold and unreadable.

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"We are living in dangerous times," he said. "The world cannot afford to place its trust in myths, in fantasies, in children's stories. Leadership is not a game. The rumors surrounding this so-called movement are dangerous. Reckless. We will ensure that order is maintained."

The message was clear.

They were watching.

They were afraid.

And they were ready to eliminate the problem before it could grow.

Nora sucked in a sharp breath. "They're coming after you."

Elias's heart pounded in his chest.

The stranger clicked off the screen and tucked the device away. "The world is at a crossroads, Elias. And you—you are at the center of it."

Elias's mind raced. None of this made sense. He was just a kid. A nobody. How could the entire world suddenly be focused on him?

The stranger seemed to read his thoughts. "This isn't about politics," he said, stepping forward. "This is about something far older than governments. This is about power. The kind that doesn't come from elections or laws. The kind that is born."

Elias stiffened.

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Something in the stranger’s words sent a shiver through him.

Born.

Not chosen. Not elected.

Born.

The pendant around his neck felt suddenly warm against his skin.

“Who are you?” Elias demanded again, his voice sharper this time.

The man smiled, just slightly. “A guide.”

“To what?”

The man didn’t answer immediately. Instead, he reached into his coat again and pulled out something small, something metallic. He tossed it toward Elias.

Elias caught it instinctively.

A key.

Not just any key. It was old, heavy, engraved with symbols he didn’t recognize. It hummed in his palm, the same way his pendant did.

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The stranger’s voice was quieter this time, but no less intense.

“If you want answers,” he said, “find the door that fits that key.”

Elias’s fingers tightened around the metal.

His mind screamed at him to demand more, to ask what door, to ask what was happening to him—but before he could say another word, the lantern’s light flickered.

And the stranger was gone.

Vanished.

Nora sucked in a sharp breath. “What the hell just happened?”

Elias stared down at the key in his hand.

Everything had just changed.

And the real game had only begun.

Chapter 5: The Key and the Unseen Path

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A Moment of Silence

The observatory was quiet. Too quiet.

Elias stood motionless, gripping the strange key in his palm, feeling its cool metal press into his skin. His mind raced. His heart pounded. He had just witnessed the impossible. A man had vanished—right in front of him—without a sound, without a trace.

“Okay,” Nora finally said, breaking the silence. “Did that just happen?”

Elias forced himself to breathe. “Yeah. It did.”

She turned in a slow circle, her eyes scanning the empty space where the man had stood. “That’s… not normal, right?”

Elias shook his head. “Not even a little.”

Nora rubbed her arms as if trying to ward off a sudden chill. “Okay. Good. Just making sure we’re both completely freaked out.”

Elias swallowed hard and looked down at the key in his hand. The engravings shimmered faintly in the dim light of the lantern. It felt heavier than before. Not in weight, but in significance.

Who was that man?

How did he disappear?

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And what exactly was this key supposed to open?

Elias reached into his pocket and pulled out the first key—the one the stranger had left for him before. He compared them side by side. The symbols were similar, but not identical. The first one had markings that almost seemed like constellations, while the second had more intricate swirls, almost like flowing water.

“What now?” Nora asked, her voice tight with uncertainty.

Elias exhaled. “We find the door.”

Nora stared at him, then threw up her hands. “Oh, of course! The mysterious door! Because that totally makes sense! Let’s just wander around town trying random keys in locks until something magically works!”

Elias gave her a look. “You don’t have to come.”

She sighed heavily. “I know.” Then she crossed her arms. “But let’s be real. You’d probably get yourself killed if I wasn’t here.”

Elias smirked slightly. “Probably.”

Nora groaned and ran a hand through her hair. “Fine. But if we get arrested for breaking into random buildings, you’re taking all the blame.”

Elias chuckled, but the tension in his chest never left.

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Because deep down, he knew this was more than just finding a door.

This was the start of something much, much bigger.

And he wasn't sure he was ready.

A Mysterious History

They left the observatory quickly, stepping out into the cold night air. The town below was still and quiet, the streetlights flickering in the distance.

As they walked, Nora glanced sideways at him. "So, let's pretend this whole thing isn't completely insane for a second. What do we actually know?"

Elias considered her words. "We know that some of the most powerful people in the world are watching us."

"Right."

"We know that this has something to do with me. Something about how I was born."

"Creepy, but sure."

"And we know that guy—whoever he was—wants us to find a door."

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Nora huffed. “Still not over the fact that he just disappeared like some kind of magician.”

Elias nodded. “Yeah. That part is... unsettling.”

They walked in silence for a few moments. Then, Nora asked, “Do you think this has anything to do with your past?”

Elias hesitated. His past was a blur. He had no memory of his real parents. No memory of where he came from before he was adopted. Just... flashes. Dreams. Visions that felt like echoes of something long forgotten.

“I don’t know,” he admitted.

Nora studied him for a second, then looked ahead. “Well, guess we’ll find out soon enough.”

Elias only hoped they were ready for what they would find.

The Town’s Oldest Secret

By the time they reached the heart of town, the streets were nearly empty. The shops had long since closed, their windows dark, their signs swaying gently in the breeze.

But Elias wasn’t looking at the stores.

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He was looking at the library.

The Edenridge Grand Library was one of the oldest buildings in town. It stood tall and proud, its stone walls lined with ivy, its massive wooden doors always seeming slightly too heavy for their hinges.

Something about it felt... right.

“Elias,” Nora said hesitantly. “Why are we staring at a library?”

He pulled out the key and stared at it again. The swirling engravings. The faint shimmer. The weight of it in his palm.

“I think,” he said slowly, “this is where we need to go.”

Nora’s brows shot up. “You think?”

Elias nodded. “I feel it.”

She groaned. “Oh, fantastic. We’re going off feelings now. That’s totally scientific.”

But despite her sarcasm, she followed him as he approached the heavy doors.

The library was closed for the night. But Elias wasn’t aiming for the front entrance.

He walked around the side, toward a smaller, less noticeable door—one most people never paid attention to.

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The archivist’s entrance.

It was old, hidden between stone columns, nearly forgotten. The handle was rusty, the keyhole barely visible beneath decades of wear.

Elias took a deep breath.

Then, he slid the key into the lock.

For a moment, nothing happened.

Then—click.

The door unlocked.

Elias and Nora exchanged a look.

Then, without another word, they pushed the door open and stepped inside.

A Hidden Chamber

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The inside of the library was dark, the scent of old books and dust filling the air. The wooden floors creaked beneath their feet as they stepped deeper inside.

Elias's heart pounded.

They weren't supposed to be here.

But somehow, he knew they were exactly where they needed to be.

The walls were lined with towering shelves, each packed with ancient books, some of which looked like they hadn't been touched in centuries. But Elias wasn't looking at the books.

He was looking at the back wall.

Something was off about it.

It looked like stone, like the rest of the library—but when he ran his hand over it, he felt something strange.

A pattern.

A keyhole.

He pulled out the second key—the one the stranger had given him at the observatory.

His hands trembled as he fit it into the hidden keyhole.

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For a second, nothing happened.

Then, the wall shifted.

A deep rumbling echoed through the library as the stone began to move, sliding open like a secret passage from an old legend. Dust rained down from above, and behind the hidden door was...

A staircase.

Leading down.

Elias and Nora stared into the darkness below.

A chill ran down Elias's spine.

Whatever was down there...

It was waiting for them.

And they had just found the path to it.

Chapter 6: Descent into the Unknown

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Standing at the Edge of Mystery

Elias and Nora stood frozen, staring into the darkness below. The staircase that had just revealed itself was steep and narrow, vanishing into a deep void beneath the library. A strange, cool air drifted up from below, carrying with it the scent of something ancient—stone, dust, and something else Elias couldn't quite place.

Something old.

Something powerful.

Nora swallowed. "Tell me we're not going down there."

Elias ran a hand over the stone walls surrounding the entrance, his fingers brushing against faint carvings, barely visible in the dim light. He wasn't sure why, but he knew—deep in his bones—that this passage had been waiting for him.

"We have to," he said.

Nora let out a frustrated sigh. "Oh, obviously we do. Because why wouldn't we go into the terrifying underground passage hidden inside a library that just magically opened for you?"

Elias smirked slightly. "You can stay here."

She scoffed. "Yeah, right. Like I'm letting you get all the credit for discovering the creepy dungeon."

Elias took a deep breath, squared his shoulders, and stepped forward. His foot met the first step, and the stone felt cool beneath his shoe. The moment he moved, the air seemed to shift, as if something below had sensed his presence.

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Without another word, he descended.

Nora followed close behind.

A Stairway Through Time

The further they went, the narrower the staircase became. The walls were lined with strange engravings—symbols Elias had never seen before, twisting and curling like ancient scripts that didn't belong to any language he recognized.

"What is this place?" Nora whispered.

Elias ran his fingers over one of the carvings. The moment his skin touched it, a faint pulse of warmth traveled up his arm. It wasn't painful—just... there.

"I don't know," he admitted.

They continued downward, the dim glow from above fading until they were nearly engulfed in darkness. Just when Nora was about to suggest turning back, the staircase opened into a massive chamber.

And it was breathtaking.

Scanned with CamScanner

The Chamber of Secrets

The room was unlike anything Elias had ever seen. It was vast, lined with towering stone columns that stretched high above them. The ceiling was covered in intricate designs, illuminated by a soft, blue glow emanating from the walls.

At the center of the chamber stood a massive stone pedestal. Upon it lay a book—ancient and bound in dark leather, its cover inscribed with glowing silver symbols.

Elias's breath caught.

Nora stepped beside him. "Okay. That definitely looks important."

Elias moved forward, drawn to the book as if something unseen was pulling him toward it. He reached out, fingers trembling slightly as they hovered over the surface.

The moment he touched it—

WHOOSH!

A gust of wind erupted from the pedestal, sending dust and loose debris flying. The blue glow around them intensified, and suddenly—

The engravings on the walls shifted.

Scanned with CamScanner

Nora gasped. “Did the walls just—move?”

Elias staggered back as the book’s pages flipped open on their own. The glowing symbols shimmered, rearranging themselves until they formed words in a language Elias could actually read.

His heart pounded as he read aloud:

"To the one who was never meant to be found…"

Nora stiffened. “Uh. That’s... creepy.”

Elias swallowed hard and continued.

"If you have come this far, then fate has been rewritten. The world does not yet understand what it has set in motion. You must choose—accept the burden, or leave before it is too late."

The words pulsed once, as if alive.

Nora shifted uncomfortably. “Okay, I don’t know about you, but I definitely don’t like how that sounds.”

Elias, however, was barely listening. His eyes had fallen on the final words on the page.

"Turn the page, and the truth will be revealed."

His fingers twitched. He hesitated for only a second.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then, he turned the page.

The entire chamber rumbled.

The Voice in the Dark

A deep hum filled the air, vibrating through the stone walls. The glow from the engravings pulsed like a heartbeat.

And then—

A voice echoed through the chamber.

"You should not be here."

The voice was deep, layered, almost inhuman. It didn't come from any one direction—it seemed to come from everywhere.

Nora grabbed Elias's arm. "Okay. That's it. I'm officially done with this place."

Elias forced himself to stay calm. "Who are you?" he called out.

Silence.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then, the voice spoke again.

"You seek answers. But the truth has a cost."

Elias clenched his fists. “Then tell me what I need to know.”

A pause. Then—

"Very well."

The air around them shimmered. And suddenly—

A figure emerged from the shadows.

It was tall, cloaked, its face obscured by darkness. But its presence was overwhelming, as if the air itself bent around it.

Elias could feel power radiating from it.

"You are more than you believe yourself to be," the figure said. "And the world will soon know what you are."

Elias swallowed hard. “What am I?”

The figure tilted its head slightly.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then, it spoke words that made Elias’s blood turn to ice.

"You are the storm before the end."

A Warning and a Choice

Elias felt his stomach drop. “What does that mean?”

The figure didn’t answer. Instead, it slowly lifted a hand. The shadows around it swirled, twisting into shapes Elias couldn’t understand.

"You must leave this place. The world is not yet ready."

Elias took a step forward. “No. I need to know—”

"LEAVE."

A powerful force rushed through the chamber, pushing Elias and Nora backward. The walls shook, the engravings dimmed, and the book snapped shut.

The ground beneath them cracked.

Scanned with CamScanner

The pedestal collapsed.

The chamber was falling apart.

Elias and Nora had no choice. They ran.

They sprinted back toward the staircase, the chamber crumbling behind them. The air was thick with dust and magic, the blue glow flickering like dying embers.

As they reached the stairs, Elias glanced back one last time—

And saw the figure watching him.

Not moving.

Not following.

Just watching.

And then—

Everything went dark.

Scanned with CamScanner

Back to the Surface

The next thing Elias knew, he was gasping for breath on the library floor.

The hidden passage?

Gone.

The staircase?

Vanished.

As if it had never been there in the first place.

Nora coughed beside him. “Okay. That was officially the worst idea ever.”

Elias sat up slowly. His head was spinning. His heart was still racing.

And in his hand—

He still held the key.

But the book?

It was gone.

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias exhaled shakily. His mind reeled with everything that had just happened. The warnings. The figure. The storm before the end.

He had come looking for answers.

But now, he had even more questions.

And somehow—

He knew this was only the beginning.

Chapter 7: Whispers of the Unseen

The Weight of the Unknown

Elias sat on the cold library floor, his pulse still racing. The key in his hand felt heavier than before—its intricate engravings almost pulsing against his skin. The chamber beneath them was gone, as if it had never existed. But he knew what he saw. What he heard.

"You are the storm before the end."

The words echoed in his mind like a whisper from the void.

Scanned with CamScanner

Across from him, Nora leaned against a bookshelf, breathing hard. Her face was pale, her hands gripping her knees. She looked at him, eyes wide with disbelief.

"Okay," she panted. "So... that happened."

Elias ran a hand through his hair. "Yeah. It did."

"And we're not dead," she added, as if she needed to confirm it.

"Not yet."

Nora let out a half-laugh, half-scoff. "Great. Love that for us."

Elias glanced around. The library was unchanged. No signs of the destruction they had barely escaped. No cracks in the stone, no dust in the air. Even the hidden passage was gone, as if reality had simply rewritten itself the moment they surfaced.

But something had changed.

Elias could feel it.

A presence.

Something unseen, lurking just beyond the veil of the ordinary world.

Watching.

Scanned with CamScanner

Waiting.

He clenched his fists.

What had they just uncovered?

A Chilling Discovery

They left the library quickly, stepping into the crisp night air. The streets were eerily quiet, the lamps flickering with an almost unnatural dimness.

Nora stuffed her hands into her jacket pockets and shivered. "Tell me we're going home."

Elias hesitated. "I... I don't think we can."

She groaned. "Not what I wanted to hear, man."

Elias wasn't sure what was pulling him forward, but he knew they couldn't stop now. Something was wrong—deeply wrong. It was like the world had shifted slightly, just enough to feel... off.

Then, as they walked past a dark alley, something caught his eye.

A flicker.

Scanned with CamScanner

A shadow where there shouldn't have been one.

Elias stopped. "Did you see that?"

Nora frowned. "See what?"

He pointed. "Something moved."

Nora squinted into the alley. "Nope. Not doing this. If you say, ‘Let’s go check it out,’ I swear, I’m walking in the opposite direction."

But Elias had already started toward it.

Nora groaned. "Why are you like this?"

Despite her complaints, she followed.

The alley was silent, the darkness stretching unnaturally deep. The further they stepped inside, the colder it got—far colder than the night air should have allowed.

Elias’s breath misted in front of him.

Then—

A whisper.

Scanned with CamScanner

Soft. Distant.

But unmistakable.

"He is awake."

Elias froze. His heartbeat thundered in his ears.

Nora grabbed his arm. "Did you hear that?"

Elias nodded slowly.

The whisper had come from everywhere—as if the very air had spoken.

Then, from the far end of the alley, a figure stepped forward.

A man, wrapped in a long black coat, his face hidden beneath the brim of a wide hat. His presence seemed to bend the space around him, as if the darkness itself recoiled from his existence.

Elias and Nora took a step back.

The man tilted his head slightly.

Then, he spoke.

Scanned with CamScanner

"You should not have gone below."

A Dangerous Encounter

Elias’s fingers tightened around the key in his pocket. "Who are you?"

The man ignored the question. "You have taken something that does not belong to you."

Elias frowned. "What?"

"The knowledge. The door was not meant to be opened." The man's voice was eerily calm, but beneath it, there was something else. Something... wrong.

Nora’s hand hovered near her phone. "Okay, creepy trench coat guy, you need to back way up."

The man’s head turned toward her, but his face remained obscured.

"You do not understand what you have done," he said. "You have awakened something that should have remained asleep."

Elias felt his pulse quicken. "What does that mean?"

The man didn’t answer. Instead, he took a step closer.

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias and Nora stepped back in unison.

The shadows around the man stirred.

Then—

He vanished.

Gone.

Like he had never been there.

The alley was silent again.

Nora exhaled shakily. "Okay. Yeah. I hate that."

Elias swallowed hard, staring at the empty space where the man had stood.

They weren’t alone in this.

Someone—or something—was watching them.

And it wasn’t done with them yet.

Scanned with CamScanner

The Hidden Mark

Back at Elias’s house, they locked the doors and drew the curtains, their nerves still raw.

Nora paced back and forth. "So let’s review: We found a secret underground chamber that shouldn’t exist, got warned by some mysterious shadow guy, and now reality itself feels like it’s falling apart. Did I miss anything?"

Elias sat on his bed, running a hand over his face. "No, that about covers it."

Nora stopped pacing. "And yet, I don’t hear you saying, ‘Let’s forget this ever happened.’"

Elias looked at her. "Because we can’t."

She sighed. "I knew you were going to say that."

Elias reached into his pocket and pulled out the key. He turned it over in his palm, studying its strange engravings.

Then—

He noticed something.

On the inside of his wrist—just below where the key had rested against his skin—was a faint mark.

Scanned with CamScanner

A symbol.

It glowed softly for a second, then faded.

Elias’s stomach dropped.

"Nora..." His voice was barely above a whisper.

She turned. "What?"

He showed her his wrist.

Her eyes widened.

"Uh, yeah," she said slowly. "That’s not normal."

Elias didn’t respond. He just stared at the spot where the mark had appeared.

Something had changed inside him.

Something irreversible.

And for the first time since this all began, he felt a cold, creeping certainty settle over him.

Scanned with CamScanner

This wasn’t just about a key.

This wasn’t just about an election.

This was about him.

And the world was only beginning to understand what that meant.

Chapter 8: The First Signs of Power

A Restless Night

Sleep didn’t come easily.

Elias lay in bed, staring at the ceiling, his mind racing. The events of the day played on repeat—like a film stuck in an endless loop. The underground chamber, the voice in the dark, the shadowed man in the alley, and the mark that had briefly appeared on his wrist.

You are the storm before the end.

What did that mean?

Scanned with CamScanner

He turned onto his side, gripping the key that now sat on his nightstand. The ancient metal seemed to hum softly, like it was alive. He had tried ignoring it, but he could feel it—its presence lingering at the edge of his awareness, like an unsung melody in the back of his mind.

And then there was the other thing.

The cold, unshakable feeling that he was being watched.

It wasn't paranoia. He could sense it.

Something—or someone—was out there.

Waiting.

Elias clenched his fists and squeezed his eyes shut. Just sleep.

But when he finally drifted off, it wasn't peaceful.

The Dream That Wasn't a Dream

Elias was standing in a vast, empty space.

The ground beneath him was smooth like glass, reflecting an endless night sky. Stars burned above, swirling in patterns that made no sense—shifting, twisting, aligning, then scattering like falling embers.

Scanned with CamScanner

A chilling wind swept past him, carrying a whisper.

"He sees you."

Elias turned sharply.

A figure stood in the distance.

The same cloaked presence from the underground chamber.

Its face was still obscured, its form barely tangible, as though it existed on the edge of reality itself.

"You are waking up," the figure said, its voice echoing.

Elias swallowed. "Who are you?"

The figure took a step closer. The stars above flickered.

"The question is not who I am."

Another step.

"The question is who you are becoming."

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias took a step back. The figure extended a hand.

"You are changing. Soon, you will see what was always there."

A sudden, violent pressure built inside Elias's head.

The stars flared, the ground shook, and a surge of energy exploded through him—

Elias gasped and snapped awake.

Something Is Wrong

He sat up, his breath ragged, sweat dripping down his forehead.

His entire body was buzzing—a strange vibration deep in his bones, like an electrical current running just beneath his skin.

Then, he noticed something else.

His nightstand was floating.

Not an inch. Not a few centimeters.

Scanned with CamScanner

It was hovering a foot in the air.

Elias's heart nearly stopped.

The key. The lamp. His book. Everything was suspended in midair, turning slowly like objects caught in an unseen gravitational force.

Elias barely had time to react before—

BANG!

Everything crashed down at once. The lamp shattered. The key hit the wooden floor with a sharp clang.

Elias sat frozen, his breath caught in his throat.

What. The. Hell.

His door burst open.

"WHAT WAS THAT?!" Nora shouted, standing in his doorway.

She was still in her pajamas, her hair a mess, but her eyes were wide with panic. "Dude, did something explode?"

Elias stared at his nightstand. Then at his hands.

Scanned with CamScanner

His fingers were still tingling.

"...I think it was me," he said quietly.

Nora blinked. "I'm sorry, what?"

Elias looked up at her, the truth sinking in.

Something inside him had changed.

And now, the real question was—

What else was he capable of?

Testing the Limits

Fifteen minutes later, Elias and Nora sat in his room, both staring at his hands like they were about to start glowing at any second.

"So let me get this straight," Nora said. "You had a freaky dream, woke up, and then—" She gestured at the broken lamp. "You did that?"

Elias nodded. "I didn't mean to. It just... happened."

Scanned with CamScanner

"Great. Fantastic. Love that," she muttered.

Elias sighed. "I need to know if I can do it again."

Nora stared at him. "Okay, but let’s just pause for a second and acknowledge that normal people do not say things like that."

Elias ignored her. He grabbed a pen from his desk and placed it on his palm.

Nora leaned forward. "If you start levitating, I’m running out of here."

Elias focused.

Nothing happened.

He exhaled sharply. "Come on."

He tried again, this time willing whatever had caused the floating nightstand to return.

The tingling in his fingers came back.

The air around them shifted, like a sudden drop in atmospheric pressure.

Then—

Scanned with CamScanner

The pen lifted off his hand.

It wasn’t much—just an inch or two—but it was enough.

Elias nearly dropped it in shock.

Nora slapped a hand over her mouth. "DUDE."

The pen wobbled in the air. Elias concentrated, trying to move it.

It twisted slowly, spinning in a small circle—then suddenly shot across the room and embedded itself into the wall.

Nora shrieked.

Elias stared at his own hand, breathless.

"...Okay," he said. "So that happened."

Nora’s eyes were huge. "That was NOT NORMAL."

Elias swallowed hard. "I know."

He turned his palm upward, testing the tingling sensation again.

This power—it wasn’t just random. It wasn’t just a side effect of what had happened.

Scanned with CamScanner

It was a part of him now.

And he had no idea what it meant.

But he was going to find out.

A Bigger Problem

As the shock settled, Elias looked at Nora. "We need to figure out what's happening to me."

Nora was still staring at the wall where the pen had lodged itself. "...No argument there."

Elias picked up the key from his nightstand and turned it over in his palm.

The dreams. The voice. The underground chamber.

It all connected.

And if that shadowy figure had been right—if Elias was truly changing—

Then this was only the beginning.

Scanned with CamScanner

Nora exhaled and crossed her arms. "Okay. So what's the plan?"

Elias tightened his grip on the key.

"We go back," he said.

Nora paled. "Back? As in back back?"

Elias nodded.

"The answers are in that chamber. And if I really am waking up..." His eyes flickered toward his hand.

"...Then we need to know what I'm waking up into."

The room was silent.

Then, finally, Nora groaned.

"I hate this."

But she didn't argue.

Because she knew—just as much as Elias did—

Scanned with CamScanner

There was no going back to normal now.

There was only forward.

And whatever awaited them beyond that hidden passage.

Chapter 9: The Return to the Shadows

A Plan Set in Motion

The morning sun streamed through the curtains, casting long golden lines across the wooden floor. But Elias barely noticed.

He sat at his desk, staring at the key in his hand. It was cold—unnaturally so. Every time he touched it, a strange pulse ran through his fingers, like the metal held some kind of dormant energy.

Last night had changed everything.

The floating objects. The pen shooting across the room. The overwhelming feeling that something inside him had awakened.

And the dream.

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias clenched his jaw. The cloaked figure’s words echoed in his mind:

"You are waking up."

What did that mean?

A knock on the door broke his thoughts.

Nora pushed it open, holding two cups of coffee. She looked at him, then at the key in his hand. "Still obsessing?"

Elias exhaled. "I can’t just ignore this."

Nora handed him a cup and sat on the edge of his bed. "Yeah, no kidding. You threw a pen into the wall last night. That’s not exactly a ‘forget about it’ situation."

Elias rubbed his eyes. "We need to go back."

Nora groaned and flopped backward onto his bed. "I knew you were gonna say that."

Elias leaned forward. "Nora, that place—whatever’s down there—it’s connected to this." He held up his hand. "To me. I don’t think last night was an accident."

Nora stared at the ceiling. "Okay. But let’s just think for a second. Last time we went down there, we almost got crushed by a collapsing room, and then some creepy shadow guy in a trench coat told us we messed up. So forgive me if I’m not super excited about Round Two."

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias nodded. "I get it. But we’re not going in blind this time. We’ll be careful."

Nora sat up, rubbing her temples. "And what exactly are we hoping to find? A ‘How to Be a Superhuman’ guidebook?"

Elias glanced at the key. "Answers."

Nora sighed. "Of course. Because that’s not ominous."

Despite her complaints, she didn’t argue further.

Because deep down, she knew the same thing Elias did—

They couldn’t ignore this.

Not anymore.

The Hidden Passage Returns

They waited until nightfall.

Elias didn’t know why, but something about the darkness made it feel right—like the secrets they were chasing belonged to the night.

Scanned with CamScanner

The campus was quiet when they arrived at the library. Most students had gone back to their dorms, and the remaining few were too absorbed in their own work to notice two teenagers sneaking toward the restricted archives.

Nora glanced around. "Okay. Coast is clear. Let's do this before I change my mind."

Elias pulled out the key.

The cold metal tingled against his fingers.

Last time, the passage had been hidden beneath the floor—revealed only when the key was placed into a hidden mechanism. But when they reached the spot, the floor was perfectly smooth. No seams. No cracks. No sign it had ever been anything but solid stone.

Nora frowned. "Uh… was this not supposed to be here?"

Elias hesitated. He could still feel the passage, like an invisible thread tugging at his mind.

The key pulsed in his hand.

Trusting his instincts, he pressed it against the floor.

At first, nothing happened.

Then—

Scanned with CamScanner

A whisper.

Soft. Faint. Like a voice speaking from the depths of the earth.

The floor shifted beneath them.

Slowly, a circular outline formed, glowing faintly with golden light. The stone slid away, revealing the familiar spiral staircase descending into darkness.

Nora took a shaky breath. "That… is still freaky."

Elias swallowed hard. "Come on."

They stepped forward, the passage closing behind them as they descended.

Deeper Than Before

The underground chamber was the same as before—vast, ancient, and filled with an unsettling stillness. But something was different.

The air felt heavier, charged with an invisible energy. The walls seemed darker, the symbols etched into them glowing faintly as if recognizing their return.

Elias's pulse quickened.

Scanned with CamScanner

The last time they were here, the chamber had tried to collapse on them. But now, it almost felt… alive.

Nora crossed her arms. "Okay. Now what?"

Elias stepped toward the center of the chamber. The key in his hand grew warmer.

There had to be more.

He scanned the walls, looking for anything they had missed. That's when he saw it—

A symbol.

It was different from the others. Larger. Carved deeper into the stone.

And it was the same mark that had appeared on his wrist.

His breath caught.

Without thinking, he reached out—

The moment his fingers brushed the symbol, everything changed.

Scanned with CamScanner

A Glimpse of the Past

A flash of light exploded around him.

Elias staggered, his vision overwhelmed by a cascade of images—

A vast throne room, bathed in golden light.

A figure standing at the center, his presence commanding yet unreadable.

Crowds kneeling before him, whispering a name Elias couldn’t hear.

Then—

Fire.

A city burning. Shadows rising from the depths.

A battle unlike anything Elias had ever imagined.

And at the heart of it all—

A boy.

Scanned with CamScanner

His face was blurred, but Elias knew him.

Because somehow, impossibly—

It was himself.

The vision ended abruptly.

Elias collapsed to the ground, gasping. His head pounded. His entire body felt like it had been ripped through time itself.

Nora rushed to his side. "Elias! What happened?!"

Elias blinked, trying to focus. The images were already fading, slipping away like water through his fingers.

But one thing remained crystal clear—

This wasn’t the first time he had been here.

This wasn’t the first time he had held power.

And whatever had happened before…

It was coming back.

Scanned with CamScanner

The Awakening Continues

Elias sat up, his breath still uneven.

The chamber was silent once more. But he could feel it.

Something inside him had unlocked.

A deeper connection to whatever this place was. To whoever he used to be.

He clenched his fists.

The visions weren’t just glimpses of the past. They were warnings.

And if the fire, the shadows, and the battle were anything to go by…

The real danger hadn’t even started yet.

Nora studied his face. "Elias… what did you see?"

He exhaled slowly.

Scanned with CamScanner

"The past," he said. "And maybe… the future."

She frowned. "That is way too cryptic."

Elias gave a tired smile. "Yeah. Welcome to my life."

Despite everything, he knew one thing for certain—

This was just the beginning.

And whatever was waiting for them in the dark…

It was waking up too.

Chapter 10: The Secrets Beneath

The Echoes of the Past

The chamber was silent, yet Elias could feel something thrumming beneath the surface—a pulse, a vibration, something ancient and alive.

His vision from moments ago still lingered in his mind. The throne room. The burning city. The shadowy war.

Scanned with CamScanner

And himself, standing at the center of it all.

His heartbeat was erratic, his palms still tingling. He wasn't just uncovering secrets. He was remembering them.

But how was that possible?

Nora helped him sit up. "Elias. What the hell just happened?"

He ran a shaky hand through his hair. "I… I saw something. A vision. A city on fire. A throne room. A war." His voice was uneven. "And I think—I know—I was there."

Nora stared. "Like… in a past life kind of thing?"

Elias shook his head. "No. It wasn't just a memory. It felt real. Like I was living it." He hesitated. "And it felt like a warning."

Nora exhaled, rubbing her temples. "Okay. This is officially insane. What does it even mean?"

Elias looked at the walls around them. The chamber wasn't just some forgotten ruin. It was connected to him. To his power. To something much bigger than either of them.

And there had to be more.

He pushed himself up. His legs were unsteady, but he forced himself forward.

Scanned with CamScanner

"We’re missing something," he murmured.

Nora sighed but followed. "Great. More creeping around the scary underground ruin. Love this journey for us."

The Door That Shouldn’t Exist

Elias traced his fingers over the markings on the walls. His touch sent a faint shimmer through the stone.

He stopped.

A new marking had appeared. A symbol.

One he recognized.

It was the same shape as the key in his pocket.

His heart pounded. "This wasn’t here before."

Nora peered over his shoulder. "Are things just appearing now? Because that’s not terrifying at all."

Elias ignored her and pulled out the key. The metal vibrated slightly in his palm.

Scanned with CamScanner

Without hesitation, he pressed it against the symbol.

The moment the key touched the stone—

RUMBLE.

The entire chamber shook.

Nora cursed and grabbed his arm. "WHAT DID YOU DO?!"

The wall in front of them split apart, dust spilling from the cracks as two massive stone slabs groaned open.

Beyond them—

A hidden passageway.

Dark. Ancient. Leading deeper into the unknown.

Elias and Nora exchanged a look.

Nora exhaled sharply. "I hate this."

Elias took a step forward.

"I know."

Scanned with CamScanner

And then he stepped inside.

Into the Depths

The passage was narrow and unnaturally cold. The air was thick with dust, untouched for centuries. Their footsteps echoed, the sound swallowed by the darkness stretching ahead.

Nora clicked on a flashlight. "So, just to confirm—this wasn't here last time, right?"

Elias shook his head. "No. This place… it's changing. Reacting to us."

Nora muttered something under her breath but didn't argue.

They kept moving.

The deeper they went, the stranger it became.

The walls weren't just stone anymore. They had shifted to something metallic, smooth and seamless. The temperature dropped further, and a faint, eerie hum vibrated through the air.

Elias swallowed. "This isn't just an ancient ruin."

Scanned with CamScanner

Nora shivered. "Yeah, no kidding."

Then they saw it.

At the end of the corridor stood a door.

Massive. Circular. Embedded with glowing symbols that pulsed with the same golden light Elias had seen before.

But the strangest part?

The door had no handle. No keyhole.

Only a single, smooth indentation in the center.

A perfect fit for a hand.

Elias’s pulse quickened.

Nora immediately shook her head. "Nope. Absolutely not. You are not touching that."

Elias hesitated. But deep down, he knew—

This door was meant for him.

He raised his hand.

Scanned with CamScanner

"Nora, I have to."

Before she could stop him, he pressed his palm against the cold surface.

The Awakening

The moment his skin met the door—

A shockwave blasted through the tunnel.

Elias gasped, his body locking in place as a torrent of energy surged through him. His veins burned, his vision blurred, and for a moment—

He wasn’t in the tunnel anymore.

He was somewhere else.

A vast void, stretching infinitely in all directions.

The air crackled with raw power. And then—

A voice.

Scanned with CamScanner

"You are not ready."

Elias spun, searching for the speaker.

"But you must be."

A figure emerged from the darkness.

It was himself.

But not him.

Older. Stronger. Radiating an impossible power.

Elias’s breath hitched.

"Who are you?"

The figure’s golden eyes burned.

"The one you will become."

The void shattered.

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias jerked back into reality, gasping.

The door clicked—then opened.

Nora steadied him. "What the hell just happened?"

Elias's mind was racing, but one thought stood out.

That wasn't just a vision.

It was a warning.

And whatever lay beyond this door—

It was the next step.

Elias took a deep breath.

Then he stepped inside.

Chapter 11: The Room of Forgotten Truths

Scanned with CamScanner

Beyond the Door

As the massive circular door slid open with a deep, mechanical groan, Elias felt his pulse quicken. The air beyond was thick, almost oppressive, like stepping into a place untouched by time.

Nora grabbed his wrist. "Elias. Maybe we—"

But Elias was already moving forward.

Something inside him pulled him in, an invisible thread guiding him into the unknown.

Nora groaned. "Of course, you're ignoring me. Classic Elias move."

She followed.

As they stepped through the doorway, the heavy stone door sealed itself behind them.

A lock clicked into place.

Nora whirled around. "Oh, come on!"

Elias barely noticed.

His eyes were locked on the room before them.

Scanned with CamScanner

It was enormous, stretching farther than should have been possible underground. The walls were made of the same dark metallic material as the tunnel, smooth and pulsing faintly with golden symbols.

But the most striking thing was the center of the room.

A pedestal stood in the middle, carved from obsidian-like stone, and above it—

A floating sphere of liquid light.

It shimmered, shifting between gold and silver, casting strange reflections across the walls.

Elias took a step closer.

The moment he did, the symbols on the walls flared to life.

A whisper filled the air.

Ancient. Layered. Like a thousand voices speaking at once.

"He has come."

Elias’s breath caught.

Nora’s grip on his arm tightened. "Okay. Not creepy at all."

Elias ignored her and reached toward the sphere.

Scanned with CamScanner

The whispers grew louder.

Then—

The moment his fingers grazed the surface of the light, a wave of knowledge crashed into his mind.

Visions of the Past

The world flipped.

Elias gasped as he was pulled into a vision—

A grand council chamber, lined with towering figures cloaked in flowing robes. Their faces were hidden, but their power was undeniable.

A boy stood in the center.

He looked like Elias.

But… not quite.

His posture was regal. His expression unreadable. And his eyes—

Scanned with CamScanner

They burned with divine power.

One of the cloaked figures stepped forward. "It is decided. You shall take the throne."

The boy did not flinch. "I accept."

Another figure spoke. "Then you must bear the burden. The cost of eternity."

The boy simply nodded.

Then—

Darkness.

Another vision struck.

This time, Elias saw chaos.

The boy—his past self—stood at the center of a war. Shadows rose around him, twisting into monstrous forms. His hands glowed with golden fire, his power shaking the very fabric of reality.

And then—

A betrayal.

Scanned with CamScanner

A fall.

The world shattered into pieces—

And Elias was ripped back into the present.

The Truth Unveiled

He staggered backward, his body trembling.

Nora caught him. "Elias! What happened?"

Elias struggled to catch his breath.

His head was spinning, but the truth had settled deep in his bones.

He wasn’t just anyone.

He had been someone before.

A ruler. A god. A divine being who had fallen.

Scanned with CamScanner

And now—

He was waking up again.

Nora studied his face. "You look like you just saw a ghost."

Elias exhaled shakily. "I think… I saw my past."

Nora’s eyes widened. "Wait. What?"

Elias turned back to the pedestal. The glowing sphere had dimmed slightly, but he could still feel its presence humming in the air.

"Who I was. Before this life." He hesitated. "I think… I was meant to rule. But something went wrong."

Nora rubbed her face. "Okay. That’s a lot to process."

Elias nodded. "Yeah. Tell me about it."

But one thing was clear—

This room, these visions, the whispers—

They weren’t just random mysteries.

They were a message.

Scanned with CamScanner

A warning.

He wasn’t just unlocking his past.

He was reclaiming it.

And whatever had destroyed him before…

It wasn’t finished yet.

Chapter 12: The Guardians of the Hidden Past

The Awakening of the Chamber

The silence in the chamber was unnatural.

Elias could still feel the echoes of the vision thrumming in his chest—like a heartbeat that wasn’t his own. The golden sphere had dimmed, but its presence still crackled in the air, as if watching.

His hands trembled as he stepped back from the pedestal. His mind was flooded with fragments of the past—glimpses of a life that felt both familiar and impossibly distant.

Scanned with CamScanner

A ruler. A war. A fall.

It wasn’t just history.

It was his history.

But before he could process it, the chamber reacted.

The golden symbols on the walls pulsed—once, twice—before flaring brilliantly.

And then—

The ground shook.

Nora grabbed his arm. "What now?!"

A deep, rumbling noise filled the chamber, like a beast stirring from slumber. The walls shifted, the metallic surface rippling as if alive.

Elias’s breath caught.

Something was waking up.

And it wasn’t happy.

Scanned with CamScanner

The Guardians Emerge

The symbols on the walls detached.

One by one, the glowing glyphs lifted off the stone, floating like embers in the air—until they melded together, forming figures.

Two towering beings materialized before them.

Their bodies were made of the same golden light as the symbols, but their forms were indistinct—constantly shifting, like they were made of energy rather than flesh. Their faces were featureless, but their presence was immense.

They stood on either side of the pedestal, their forms crackling with raw power.

Nora took a step back. "Okay. I officially hate this."

Elias swallowed hard. He didn't need to be told—these weren't just illusions.

They were Guardians.

And they weren't here to welcome him.

One of them spoke, its voice layered, like a thousand whispers echoing at once.

Scanned with CamScanner

"You have taken knowledge that was not meant for you."

Elias's chest tightened. "I—"

"You must be judged."

The second Guardian moved—fast, too fast—its form blurring as it lunged at him.

Elias barely had time to react.

A pulse of instinct shot through him.

He raised his hand—and something exploded out of him.

A wave of golden energy blasted outward, striking the Guardian mid-air.

The creature was thrown backward, slamming into the far wall with a deafening crash.

Nora's eyes widened. "Did you just—?"

Elias's heart pounded. "I think I did."

The Guardian rose immediately, unharmed. Its glowing form flickered as it reformed, even stronger than before.

Elias exhaled sharply.

Scanned with CamScanner

"Great. That barely did anything."

The first Guardian lifted its hand—and the room itself responded.

The walls began to close in, shifting and twisting, the entire chamber transforming around them.

Nora cursed. "Elias, do something!"

Elias didn’t hesitate.

He ran toward the pedestal.

If these things were here to protect the secrets of this place, then maybe—

Maybe the pedestal was the key.

He slammed his hand against it.

And everything stopped.

A Forgotten Voice

Scanned with CamScanner

The Guardians froze.

The golden sphere above the pedestal pulsed, growing brighter.

And then—

A new voice spoke.

But this one was different.

It was neither cold nor mechanical. It wasn’t a whisper or an echo.

It was alive.

"Enough."

The Guardians immediately lowered their arms. The shifting walls went still.

Elias’s breath caught in his throat.

The voice had come from nowhere.

And everywhere.

Scanned with CamScanner

A figure stepped forward from the shadows.

Not made of light. Not shifting or unreadable.

A man.

Dressed in dark robes embroidered with ancient symbols, his presence was as overwhelming as the Guardians themselves. His face was partially obscured by a hood, but his golden eyes pierced straight through Elias.

Elias felt his pulse stop for half a second.

Because something about this man was familiar.

The stranger studied him.

Then he spoke.

"You are not ready."

Elias's mouth went dry. "Who… who are you?"

The man didn't answer.

Instead, he raised a single hand—and the golden sphere descended, hovering inches above the pedestal.

Scanned with CamScanner

"You came seeking answers." His voice was calm, but there was an undeniable weight to it. "But knowledge comes at a cost."

Elias swallowed. "I don’t care about the cost. I need to know the truth."

The stranger tilted his head slightly. "And what will you do with the truth once you have it?"

Elias hesitated.

The question felt important.

What would he do?

Before he could answer, the stranger extended his hand—

And the sphere exploded into golden dust, spreading through the chamber like a storm.

Elias felt a new vision claw its way into his mind—

But this one was different.

It wasn’t a memory.

It was a warning.

Scanned with CamScanner

The Coming Storm

Flashes.

Fragments of a future yet to come.

A great city standing on the edge of collapse.

A throne, empty, waiting to be claimed.

A shadow rising from the depths, swallowing the world in darkness.

And at the center of it all—

Elias.

Standing at a crossroads.

Two paths stretched before him.

One led to salvation.

The other—destruction.

Scanned with CamScanner

And then—

The vision shattered.

Elias staggered, gasping. His body felt like it had been ripped apart and put back together.

Nora caught his arm. "Elias! What the hell was that?!"

Elias’s hands shook. "The future." His voice was hoarse. "I think… I just saw what’s coming."

The stranger watched him carefully. "Now you understand."

Elias looked up, his heartbeat hammering in his ears.

"Understand what?"

The man’s golden eyes burned.

"Your time is running out."

And then—

The chamber collapsed into darkness.

Scanned with CamScanner

A New Path Begins

When Elias opened his eyes, he and Nora were somewhere else.

No chamber. No pedestal.

Just the cold hallways of the library basement.

As if nothing had ever happened.

Nora breathed heavily. "Oh, hell no. I am so done with disappearing rooms."

Elias barely heard her.

His mind was still racing.

The stranger’s words. The vision.

The war that was coming.

He clenched his fists.

Scanned with CamScanner

This wasn’t just about his past anymore.

This was about the future.

And whatever was waiting in the shadows—

It was getting closer.

Chapter 13: The Enemy in the Shadows

The Weight of Secrets

Elias sat on the cold floor of the library basement, his back against a dusty bookshelf. The echoes of the chamber’s collapse still haunted him—the vision, the hooded man, the warning.

"Your time is running out."

He clenched his fists. He had gone into that hidden room hoping for answers, but all he got were more questions.

Nora paced in front of him, arms crossed, her face pale. "Okay. We need to talk. Now."

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias sighed. "I know."

She stopped pacing and stared at him. "You know? Elias, do you even realize what just happened? We got sucked into some hidden room, met glowing guardian monsters, a mysterious hooded dude who knew way too much about you, and then—bam—we're thrown back out like nothing ever happened! How are you so calm?"

Elias ran a hand through his hair. "I'm not calm."

Nora studied him for a moment. "You saw something, didn't you? In that vision."

Elias hesitated. The images flashed in his mind again—the city on the brink of collapse, the shadow swallowing everything.

"The future," he said quietly.

Nora's expression shifted. "What?"

Elias looked up at her. "I saw the future, Nora. And it's not good."

Nora swallowed. "How bad?"

Elias hesitated. "The world burns."

A heavy silence fell between them.

Then—

Scanned with CamScanner

A slow clap echoed from the darkness.

Both of them froze.

The sound was deliberate. Mocking.

And it wasn’t theirs.

Elias felt his pulse spike.

They weren’t alone.

The Man in the Dark Suit

From the shadows of the basement, a figure stepped forward.

Tall. Immaculately dressed in a black suit that seemed to absorb the dim light. His dark skin gleamed under the faint flickering bulbs, and his sharp features carried a smirk that sent alarm bells ringing in Elias’s mind.

But it was his eyes that struck Elias the most.

Scanned with CamScanner

Cold. Intelligent. Hungry.

Like he had been watching them for a long time.

"Quite the performance," the man said smoothly, adjusting his cufflinks. His voice was silk and steel, polished yet filled with hidden danger. "Really, I must applaud your persistence. Not many make it this far."

Nora tensed beside Elias. "Who the hell are you?"

The man smiled, but it didn't reach his eyes. "Oh, names are such fragile things. But if you insist—" He took a slow step forward. "You may call me… Mr. Vale."

Elias's muscles locked.

The way the man carried himself… The way the shadows seemed to move around him…

This wasn't just an ordinary enemy.

This was someone powerful.

And dangerous.

"What do you want?" Elias asked, keeping his voice steady.

Vale tilted his head. "Straight to the point. I like that." He gestured lazily. "I came to offer you some… advice."

Scanned with CamScanner

Nora scoffed. "Yeah? And why would we take advice from some creep who just appeared out of nowhere?"

Vale chuckled. "Oh, you misunderstand. This isn't an offer. It's a warning."

He turned his sharp gaze directly to Elias.

"You are playing with forces beyond your comprehension, little god."

Elias's breath hitched.

That word again.

Little god.

Vale smiled slightly, as if amused by his reaction. "Oh yes, I know exactly what you are. What's inside you. And so do others." His voice lowered. "Dangerous others."

Elias's heartbeat pounded.

This man—whoever he was—knew things.

About Elias. About his true nature.

And if he knew, that meant…

Scanned with CamScanner

Others did too.

The Offer

Vale took another slow step forward. "I'll give you a choice, Elias."

Elias and Nora tensed.

"You can keep chasing these little breadcrumbs, digging into the past like some naive child…" He gestured vaguely. "Or, you can walk away. Right now. Forget about the visions, the throne, the war."

His voice softened slightly. "Live a normal life. Be safe."

Nora let out a sharp laugh. "Oh, that's not suspicious at all."

Elias's jaw clenched. "And if I say no?"

Vale's smirk vanished.

The air grew colder.

His eyes darkened, taking on an unnatural gleam.

Scanned with CamScanner

"Then you won’t like what happens next."

The lights overhead flickered violently. The shadows stretched, creeping unnaturally toward Elias and Nora.

Nora grabbed Elias’s arm. "Uh, Elias?!"

Elias felt it too.

The pressure. The weight.

It was like the entire room itself was bending to Vale’s will.

And then—

Vale’s voice dropped to a whisper.

"Choose wisely, World President."

The shadows lunged.

A wave of darkness rushed toward them.

Elias threw up his hands—and golden light exploded outward.

Scanned with CamScanner

The force of it sent both of them flying backward.

The moment the light touched the shadows, a sharp hiss echoed through the room, and Vale vanished into the darkness.

The pressure in the room snapped away.

And just like that—

The basement was silent again.

As if nothing had happened.

The Hunt Begins

Elias gasped, his body trembling from the surge of power he had just unleashed.

Nora pushed herself up, her face ashen. "What. The. Hell. Was. That?!"

Elias barely heard her. His mind raced.

Vale had called him little god. He had known.

Scanned with CamScanner

And worse—there were others who knew too.

This wasn’t just a game anymore.

He had enemies now.

Powerful ones.

And if they wanted him to stop searching—

It meant he was getting close to the truth.

Elias exhaled sharply, then turned to Nora. His hands were still shaking, but his voice was steady.

"We’re not running."

Nora blinked. "Elias—"

He clenched his fists.

"We find them before they find us."

Because if Vale thought he could scare him away—

He had made a huge mistake.

Scanned with CamScanner

The hunt had just begun.

To be continued…

Chapter 14: Shadows in the System

The Silence Before the Storm

Elias didn’t sleep that night.

His mind raced with everything that had happened.

The hidden chamber.

The vision.

The man in the black suit—Vale.

His words echoed in Elias’s mind.

"You are playing with forces beyond your comprehension, little god."

Scanned with CamScanner

What did he mean? And how much did he really know?

Elias lay in his bed, staring at the ceiling. He needed answers.

And there was only one place to get them.

The World President’s Database.

The Digital Vault of Secrets

The World President’s Database was the most secure collection of classified information on the planet. Every government secret, conspiracy, historical cover-up—all of it—was locked behind layers of encrypted firewalls.

Even Elias, the most powerful person in the world, didn’t have full access to it.

But that was about to change.

He sat at his desk, fingers hovering over the holographic keyboard of his private terminal. The screen glowed with the official crest of the United Global Government.

"Voice authorization required."

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias took a deep breath. "Elias Winston, World President. Override security protocols. Full access request."

A long silence. Then—

"Request denied. Unauthorized access."

Elias clenched his fists. He had expected that.

But he wasn’t giving up.

He reached into his desk drawer and pulled out a small silver device. It looked harmless—just a simple data chip.

But it was so much more.

It was a backdoor key. Something not even the system itself knew existed.

A gift from his most trusted hacker.

Zane Ryder.

Elias slid the chip into the port.

The screen flickered. A series of strange symbols and numbers flashed across the interface.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then—

"Override accepted."

The entire database unlocked before his eyes.

Elias’s pulse quickened.

Now, he could finally dig into the truth.

Secrets That Should Have Stayed Buried

Elias scrolled through classified reports, scanning thousands of pages in seconds.

There were files on secret wars, missing historical figures, black-ops projects that had never seen the light of day.

But he wasn’t looking for those.

He was looking for something bigger.

A hidden force. A secret society.

Scanned with CamScanner

A name.

Then—he found something.

A single document, buried deep in the archives.

Title: The Eternal Watch.

Elias’s breath caught.

He opened the file.

And his world changed forever.

The Eternal Watch

The document was ancient—older than the World Government itself.

It spoke of a hidden group, a secret order that had existed for thousands of years.

A watchful eye over the world’s leaders.

Scanned with CamScanner

A force that never allowed true power to remain unchecked.

A silent war, fought from the shadows.

Governments had risen and fallen because of them. Wars had started—and ended—on their orders.

Elias scrolled faster. His heartbeat was like thunder in his ears.

Then he saw it.

A name.

Vale.

Elias's blood ran cold.

He wasn't just some agent or mercenary.

He was a member of the Eternal Watch.

And that meant—

They were watching him.

Right now.

Scanned with CamScanner

The Warning Comes Too Late

A soft beep suddenly filled the room.

Elias froze.

His terminal screen flickered—

And then—

"Unauthorized Access Detected."

A cold chill ran down his spine.

Someone knew what he was doing.

The database suddenly locked itself down. The screen went black, and a single line of text appeared:

"Curiosity is dangerous, Mr. President."

Elias’s breath hitched.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then—

A second beep.

His door unlocked itself.

And footsteps echoed in the hall.

Someone was coming.

Elias’s body tensed. He needed to move.

Whoever they were—they weren’t here to talk.

And just like that, Elias knew—

The war had already begun.

To be continued…

Chapter 15: Nowhere is Safe

Scanned with CamScanner

The Hunt Has Begun

Elias’s breath came fast and shallow as he stared at his screen. The words still glowed in the darkness of his room, burning into his mind:

"Curiosity is dangerous, Mr. President."

Then—

A beep from the security panel.

His door unlocked itself.

And then came the footsteps.

They were fast, precise. No hesitation. Whoever was coming wasn’t here to talk.

Elias grabbed the data chip from his computer, shoved it into his pocket, and backed away. His mind raced. The exits—his options—were vanishing fast.

Then—

Scanned with CamScanner

The lights cut out.

Total darkness.

His pulse pounded.

And then, the door burst open.

The Silent Killers

Three figures moved like shadows into the room.

No words. No hesitation.

They wore black tactical gear, their faces hidden beneath helmets. Their movements were practiced—they knew this room well.

They had been watching him.

Elias barely had time to react before one of them raised a silenced pistol.

Instinct took over.

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias dropped to the floor just as the weapon fired.

A whisper of suppressed gunfire.

A bullet sank into his chair, exactly where his head had been a second ago.

"They’re not here to capture me," he realized. "They’re here to erase me."

His fingers clenched around the only escape route left.

The window.

The Leap of Faith

Without thinking, Elias bolted toward it.

The assassins reacted instantly.

One reached for him—

Elias grabbed a glass paperweight from his desk and smashed it into the man’s helmet.

Scanned with CamScanner

A crack. The assassin stumbled.

The second one lunged—

Elias ducked, rolling across the floor. His fingers found the metal lamp by his bedside.

He yanked it free and swung.

It crashed into the second assassin’s ribs. He grunted, doubling over.

The third didn’t waste time.

A blade flashed in the dark.

Elias barely dodged.

The knife sliced through his sleeve, missing his skin by millimeters.

His back hit the window.

No time.

He turned, bracing himself—

And jumped.

Scanned with CamScanner

Glass shattered around him.

Wind rushed past.

Then—

A crash.

Pain exploded through his legs as he landed on a rooftop one floor below. His vision blurred.

But he couldn’t stop.

Above, he heard the assassins shouting.

They were coming.

Elias gritted his teeth, forcing himself to move.

He had to disappear—now.

And there was only one person who could help him.

Scanned with CamScanner

A Ghost in the Underground

Zane Ryder lived in the shadows.

A hacker. A digital ghost. A man who could erase a person from existence with a few keystrokes.

If anyone could keep Elias off the grid, it was him.

Elias moved fast, weaving through the neon-lit alleys of the city. His heart pounded, his breath ragged. He could still feel eyes on him.

He wasn't paranoid.

He was being hunted.

Finally, he reached the entrance.

An abandoned subway tunnel.

He slipped inside, his footsteps echoing in the empty space. The air was damp, the stench of old metal thick in his nose.

Then—

A voice from the dark.

Scanned with CamScanner

"Took you long enough."

Elias turned.

Zane sat lazily on a rusted crate, his boots propped up, spinning a holographic device between his fingers.

His dark hair was disheveled, his eyes sharp and knowing.

He looked Elias over, smirking.

"Rough night?"

Elias didn’t waste time. He pulled the data chip from his pocket.

"I need to know what’s on this. Now."

Zane raised an eyebrow. "You almost got yourself killed over it, didn’t you?"

Elias didn’t answer.

That was all the confirmation Zane needed.

He took the chip, inserted it into his portable terminal, and began typing. The screen flickered.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then—Zane’s smirk vanished.

His fingers stopped.

Elias frowned. "What is it?"

Zane didn’t respond.

Instead, he turned the screen toward Elias.

And Elias felt his stomach drop.

A list of names.

Hundreds of them.

Presidents. Scientists. CEOs.

Every major world leader in the past century.

And at the very bottom—

Elias Winston.

His own name.

Scanned with CamScanner

A hit list.

Zane exhaled. "Well, Mr. President… looks like someone wants you dead."

Elias clenched his fists.

First, they tried to warn him.

Then, they tried to scare him.

Now, they had made it clear.

This was war.

He met Zane’s gaze, his voice calm but unshakable.

"We take the fight to them."

Zane’s grin returned.

"Now that’s more like it."

Elias took a slow breath.

Scanned with CamScanner

This wasn’t just about surviving anymore.

It was time to strike back.

To be continued…

Chapter 16: Striking Back

The Decision

Elias sat in the dimly lit subway tunnel, his fingers gripping the edges of Zane’s flickering holographic screen. His name—at the bottom of that cursed hit list—burned into his mind.

There was no doubt now.

The Eternal Watch wasn’t just a myth.

They were real, they had controlled the world from the shadows for centuries, and now, they wanted him gone.

For a long moment, neither he nor Zane spoke.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then, Elias took a deep breath and looked his friend in the eyes.

"We need to hit them first."

Zane leaned back, smirking. "That’s what I like to hear."

But there was no humor in his voice. His fingers moved fast across the keyboard. The screens around him filled with encrypted files, blueprints, and surveillance footage.

"Alright, Mr. President," Zane muttered. "Let’s bring down a secret society."

Finding Their Weakness

Elias watched as Zane hacked into security systems, tracking hidden messages, secret transactions, and coded communications.

The Eternal Watch was everywhere—embedded deep in governments, corporations, and military forces across the world.

But even the most powerful organizations had weak points.

And they had just found one.

Scanned with CamScanner

Dr. Adrian Lockwood.

A high-ranking scientist. Government contractor. Genius in cybersecurity.

And, according to the files Zane had just cracked, a key asset for the Eternal Watch.

"Lockwood is the guy who built their private encryption network," Zane explained. "If we get to him, we get to their entire communication system."

Elias's jaw tightened.

"And where is he?"

Zane pulled up a live satellite feed.

A heavily guarded facility in the Swiss Alps.

Elias exhaled. "Looks like we're going to Switzerland."

The Infiltration Plan

Zane didn't hesitate. "We'll need a team. Just the two of us isn't gonna cut it."

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias nodded. "I know exactly who to call."

Lena Vasquez.

Former special forces.

Close combat expert.

A ghost in the field.

Dante Cross.

Master of disguise.

Breaks into places no one else can.

Steals things no one else dares touch.

Kai Mori.

Sniper.

Tactical genius.

Silent. Deadly. Precise.

Elias reached for his secure communicator.

Within minutes, three encrypted messages were sent.

One to London.

Scanned with CamScanner

One to Buenos Aires.

One to Tokyo.

The responses came back almost immediately.

They were in.

Elias felt a surge of adrenaline.

This wasn’t just about survival anymore.

This was about taking the fight to the people who thought they ruled the world.

And this time, Elias Winston wouldn’t just be a target.

He’d be their worst nightmare.

To be continued…

Chapter 17: The Team Assembles

Scanned with CamScanner

The Call to Action

Elias stood in the shadows of the underground hideout, the glow of Zane’s monitors flickering across his face.

The messages had been sent.

Now, all he had to do was wait.

But waiting wasn’t easy when you knew the most powerful secret organization in history wanted you dead.

Zane leaned back in his chair, boots up on the desk, watching the screens. "So, Mr. President, you really think they’ll show?"

Elias exhaled. "I wouldn’t have called them if I wasn’t sure."

Zane grinned. "Well then, let’s meet the lunatics who just agreed to go to war against the most dangerous people on the planet."

The Arrival: Lena Vasquez

Scanned with CamScanner

The first to arrive was Lena Vasquez.

The subway tunnels rumbled as a sleek, black motorcycle roared through the abandoned underground. The rider cut the engine and swung off in one fluid motion.

Lena was small but fierce, her dark hair tied back, a scar running down her right arm.

Her eyes locked onto Elias immediately.

"Long time, chico."

Elias smirked. "I was wondering if you'd show up."

Lena crossed her arms. "You send me a message saying the world's most powerful secret society wants you dead, and you're planning to take them down? I had to see if you'd lost your mind."

Elias shrugged. "Still deciding."

Lena chuckled. "Good. Insanity makes things interesting."

The Arrival: Dante Cross

A few minutes later, Zane's security alert beeped. Someone was inside the base.

Scanned with CamScanner

Without a sound.

Lena instinctively reached for her gun.

But before she could react, a voice spoke from behind them.

"You really should upgrade your security, Zane."

They spun around.

Dante Cross stood casually in the shadows, hands in the pockets of his expensive coat.

A master of disguise, infiltration, and theft.

Elias smirked. "Still sneaking into places uninvited?"

Dante grinned. "I like to keep my skills sharp."

He walked toward the table, eyes scanning the monitors. "So, we're taking on a global conspiracy? Thought I'd try something challenging for a change."

Zane rolled his eyes. "Yeah, sure. Not like breaking into the Vatican last year wasn't enough for you."

Dante just smiled. "They had great wine."

Scanned with CamScanner

The Arrival: Kai Mori

The last arrival was silent.

No announcement. No sound of footsteps.

One moment, the underground hideout was empty.

The next, Kai Mori was standing there.

Zane nearly fell out of his chair.

"Okay, seriously, does no one believe in knocking?"

Kai said nothing.

Dressed in black tactical gear, his face impassive, his rifle strapped to his back.

Elias met his gaze. "You got my message."

Kai gave a single nod. "And I don’t take jobs unless I plan to finish them."

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Elias understood.

Kai wasn’t here to joke.

He was here to win.

The Mission Briefing

Elias looked at the four people standing before him.

A hacker.

A soldier.

A thief.

A sniper.

This was his team.

"Dr. Adrian Lockwood is the key to the Eternal Watch’s entire encryption network," Elias began, bringing up the satellite image of the Swiss Alps facility.

"We get to him, we get access to everything—their operations, their leaders, their kill orders."

Lena folded her arms. "And what’s stopping us from just grabbing him?"

Scanned with CamScanner

Zane clicked a button.

A security map appeared on the screen.

"That."

Drones. Heat sensors. Armed guards. Underground panic rooms.

Dante let out a low whistle. "They really don’t want visitors."

Elias leaned forward. "That’s why we’re going in quietly. No alarms. No alerts. If they know we’re coming, we’ll never get close."

Kai finally spoke. "And if things go wrong?"

Elias met his gaze.

"Then we make sure they never see us coming."

For a moment, there was silence.

Then, one by one, they nodded.

They were in.

Scanned with CamScanner

The mission had begun.

To be continued…

Chapter 18: Into the Lion’s Den

The Journey to Switzerland

The team moved fast. Within hours, they were airborne.

A private jet—off the grid, untraceable. Courtesy of Dante’s extensive list of highly illegal connections.

Elias sat near the cockpit, staring at the glowing screen in front of him. The satellite image of Dr. Adrian Lockwood’s facility filled the display.

He memorized every exit, guard rotation, and weak point.

Lena leaned over. "You always this intense before a mission?"

Elias smirked. "Only when my life’s on the line."

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Lena chuckled. "Good. That means you'll fight harder."

Zane, from the other side of the cabin, stretched his arms. "So, let's recap: We're sneaking into a fortress built into a mountain, past an army of guards, to grab the guy who literally built the security system?"

Dante took a sip of his drink. "Sounds about right."

Zane groaned. "I really should've asked for a raise."

Kai, as always, remained silent, methodically cleaning his sniper rifle.

The jet engines roared as they descended toward neutral airspace.

This was it.

No turning back.

Infiltration Begins

Switzerland was cold.

Scanned with CamScanner

The wind howled through the snow-covered peaks as the team descended from the private jet onto an abandoned airstrip deep in the Alps.

Dante adjusted his thermal jacket. "Lovely vacation spot."

Elias ignored the comment, checking his earpiece. "Zane, you ready?"

Zane tapped furiously on his portable hacking terminal.

"Give me five minutes, and I'll reroute their security feed. They won't even know you're inside."

Lena exhaled. "Let's hope you're as good as you say you are."

Zane winked. "I don't hope. I know."

Elias pulled his mask over his face.

"Move out."

Breaking In

The facility loomed ahead, built directly into the mountainside, with reinforced steel doors and motion sensors scanning the perimeter.

Scanned with CamScanner

Dante, already in disguise as a security officer, casually walked toward the main gate, his ID badge—forged perfectly—clipped to his belt.

The guards didn’t even look twice.

A small beep as he swiped in.

Dante strolled in like he owned the place.

Inside his earpiece, Elias whispered, "We’re in position. Open the side gate."

Dante moved quickly. Past the security cameras. Past the guard checkpoints.

His fingers found the hidden control panel, his tools working fast.

Click.

The side door unlocked.

Elias, Lena, and Kai slipped inside like shadows.

No alarms.

No guards.

Scanned with CamScanner

So far, so good.

Through the Labyrinth

The inside of the facility was cold, metallic, and silent.

The team moved in formation, stealthy and precise.

Zane’s voice crackled in their earpieces. "Okay, head down Corridor B, then take the stairs to Sublevel 3. That’s where they’re keeping Lockwood."

They moved swiftly, dodging patrols, hugging the walls.

Then—

A guard turned the corner.

Eyes locked onto Elias.

For a split second, silence.

Then—

Scanned with CamScanner

Lena moved first.

Before the guard could react, she had her knife at his throat.

One swift chokehold—and he slumped to the ground, unconscious.

Elias exhaled. "Close one."

Lena grinned. "That’s why you brought me, right?"

The Secret Prison

Sublevel 3 was different.

Unlike the clean, modern corridors above, it was dark, damp, and heavily secured.

This was not a research lab.

It was a prison.

And at the very end of the hallway—

Scanned with CamScanner

A reinforced glass cell.

Inside, Dr. Adrian Lockwood.

He looked pale, disheveled, and exhausted, his gray beard unkempt.

His eyes lifted slowly as the team approached.

For a second, there was confusion. Then—realization.

"You're not with them," Lockwood rasped.

Elias stepped forward. "No. We're here to get you out."

The scientist let out a weak laugh. "Then you have no idea what you've just walked into."

Behind them—

A red light began to flash.

Zane's voice shouted in their earpieces.

"Guys! The system's been overridden—they know you're there!"

Elias's blood ran cold.

Scanned with CamScanner

So much for a quiet extraction.

Now, it was a race to survive.

To be continued…

Chapter 19: The Escape Turns Deadly

The Alarm Blares

The moment the red lights flashed, everything changed.

The facility’s silent halls exploded with noise.

Blare! Blare! Blare!

A robotic voice echoed through the underground prison.

"SECURITY BREACH. ALL UNITS ENGAGE."

Scanned with CamScanner

Elias felt his pulse spike.

"Damn it!"

Lena spun toward the entrance, gun already in her hands. "We need to move, now!"

Dr. Lockwood stumbled to his feet inside his glass cell, his eyes wide with terror. "They'll be here in less than sixty seconds."

Elias turned to Zane, speaking into his earpiece. "Tell me you can shut this down!"

Zane's voice came back frantic. "No chance! They triggered a manual lockdown—it's out of my hands!"

Dante cursed under his breath. "That means they're coming."

Kai pulled his sniper rifle from his back, calm as ever. "Then we'll be ready."

Breaking Lockwood Out

Lena didn't hesitate—she lifted her gun and fired at the reinforced glass.

Bang! Bang!

Scanned with CamScanner

The bullets barely left a scratch.

Lockwood shook his head. "It’s shockproof—you need a retinal scan to open it!"

Dante smirked. "Good thing I came prepared."

From his jacket, he pulled out a high-tech scanner. A device that could spoof eye signatures.

He moved to the nearby security panel, holding up the scanner.

Beep! Beep! Beep!

The system flashed red.

ACCESS DENIED.

Dante clenched his jaw. "Not good. They must’ve locked out the scanners when the alarm went off!"

Footsteps pounded from down the hall.

Guards were coming.

Elias turned to Lockwood. "Is there another way out of this?"

Scanned with CamScanner

The scientist hesitated—then his eyes flickered toward the ventilation grate behind his cell.

"It leads to the waste tunnels, but it’s a tight fit."

Lena cracked her knuckles. "Guess we’ll have to make it bigger."

A Fight for Survival

Before they could move, gunfire erupted from the hallway.

Ratatatatat!

Bullets ripped through the walls, barely missing them.

Lena and Kai returned fire, their movements precise, tactical.

Elias ducked, adrenaline surging.

Dante had already moved—he was working fast, unscrewing the ventilation grate.

"Just a few more seconds!" Dante called.

Scanned with CamScanner

Kai, ever the silent killer, fired a single shot.

Bang!

A guard collapsed, his radio sparking.

But more were coming.

Lena reloaded. "We don’t have seconds!"

Boom!

A grenade detonated in the hallway, shaking the entire floor.

Smoke flooded the air.

Elias coughed, pulling Lockwood toward the vent. "Move! Now!"

The Descent Into Darkness

One by one, they climbed into the vent—narrow, rusted, and filled with the stench of stale air.

Scanned with CamScanner

Kai went first. Then Lena. Then Elias, dragging Lockwood behind him.

Dante was the last one in, sealing the grate behind them.

Above them—

The sound of shouting guards.

"Where are they?! Search the entire floor!"

Elias whispered, "Keep moving."

The vent led downward, deep into the mountain.

The metal was cold, the air thick.

Then—

A roaring sound echoed ahead.

Dante frowned. "Tell me that’s not what I think it is."

Lockwood groaned. "The waste tunnels. They empty into an underground river."

Lena sighed. "Of course they do."

Scanned with CamScanner

Kai looked ahead, analyzing the drop. "We don’t have a choice."

Elias exhaled.

Then, without hesitation—

He let go.

Into the Abyss

The world spun as Elias fell.

Cold water swallowed him whole.

Darkness. Silence.

Then—impact.

Elias hit the raging underground river, the current grabbing him instantly.

He fought to surface, gasping for air.

Scanned with CamScanner

Above, the others plunged in one by one.

Lena. Dante. Lockwood.

Kai was last, landing with perfect precision.

The current was violent, unrelenting.

It pulled them downstream, deeper into the unknown.

Elias tried to speak—but the river yanked him under.

For a moment, everything was black.

Then—

A faint light appeared ahead.

A possible exit?

Or another trap?

There was only one way to find out.

Scanned with CamScanner

To be continued…

Chapter 20: The Fall Into Oblivion

Drowning in the Dark

The underground river was a monster.

It twisted and crashed, swallowing Elias whole.

He fought to keep his head above water, but the current was ruthless, dragging him deeper into the abyss.

Somewhere ahead, Lena screamed.

Somewhere behind, Dante’s voice was lost in the roaring blackness.

Kai and Lockwood were missing.

Elias’s lungs burned. His vision blurred.

Scanned with CamScanner

Then—

The river dropped.

A waterfall.

A deadly plunge into nothingness.

Elias barely had time to take a breath before he was falling.

Impact

The crash was like hitting concrete.

Elias felt his body slam into the deep underground lake, the impact knocking the air from his lungs.

The darkness swallowed him whole.

He sank.

Deeper.

Scanned with CamScanner

Deeper.

His vision blurred, the weight of the world crushing his chest.

Then—

A hand.

Lena.

She grabbed his arm, dragging him upward with sheer force.

The surface exploded around them as they broke through, gasping for air.

Elias coughed, gripping onto a slick, jagged rock.

Lena pulled herself up beside him, panting.

"Next time," she gasped, "let’s not take the express route."

Elias couldn’t even respond. He was too busy counting heads.

Dante.

Scanned with CamScanner

Kai.

Lockwood.

All of them had surfaced, alive but barely breathing.

The water was freezing. The air thick with moisture and something worse—rot.

And ahead?

A massive cavern, stretching into infinite darkness.

Dante groaned. "Where… the hell are we?"

The Forgotten Chamber

Elias turned, his eyes adjusting to the dim glow of bioluminescent moss clinging to the walls.

Then he saw it.

And his heart stopped.

Scanned with CamScanner

They weren’t alone.

All around them, bones.

Piles of them. Human. Animal. Some so old they had fused into the cave floor.

Kai moved silently beside him, scanning the area with cold precision.

"This isn’t just a cave," he murmured. "It’s a graveyard."

Lockwood’s voice shook. "No. It’s something worse."

Dante pulled a flare from his belt, cracking it to life.

The red glow illuminated ancient carvings on the stone walls—symbols that Elias didn’t recognize.

But Lockwood did.

His face turned ashen.

"No… no, no, no…" He stepped back, shaking his head. "This isn’t possible."

Lena narrowed her eyes. "Spit it out, Doc."

Lockwood pointed at the symbols, his voice barely above a whisper.

Scanned with CamScanner

"This… is the mark of the Eternal Watch."

Silence.

A heavy, suffocating silence.

Dante exhaled. "You mean the same Eternal Watch that’s trying to kill us?"

Lockwood swallowed. "Yes. But this—this means we’re in something far, far worse."

Elias’s gut twisted. "Explain. Now."

Lockwood hesitated—then spoke.

"This is one of their burial chambers—a place where they laid their most dangerous secrets to rest."

Kai’s grip tightened on his rifle. "You mean bodies."

Lockwood shook his head. "No. I mean something they were too afraid to let live."

The Thing That Shouldn't Exist

Scanned with CamScanner

Then—

A sound.

Low. Rumbling.

Like stone shifting against stone.

Elias turned sharply—

And froze.

One of the bone piles moved.

Not from the water.

Not from the wind.

Something underneath was waking up.

Lena instinctively raised her gun. "Tell me that’s just an earthquake."

Dante whispered, "Yeah… I don’t think we’re that lucky."

Scanned with CamScanner

Then—

A hand burst from beneath the bones.

A hand that was not human.

The fingers were elongated, the skin ashen and cracked.

The bones rattled, shifting as something huge began to rise.

A shape emerged from the darkness—twisted, wrong, a thing of shadows and ancient power.

Lockwood stumbled back.

"No…" His voice barely a breath. "They didn’t bury it. They trapped it."

Elias’s heart slammed against his ribs.

The thing lifted its head.

Its eyes opened.

And then it spoke.

A voice older than time, colder than death.

Scanned with CamScanner

"YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE."

Then everything went black.

TO BE CONTINUED...

Scanned with CamScanner